1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

gain, for the proverbs say: "agreement is law"; "one ties the oxen by the horns, the man by his word." But the rugged individualists can also quote proverbs to show the dangers of depending upon others: "better a threshing floor small but your own"; "the donkey owned in common is eaten by the dogs"; "the wolf has a thick neck because he has to work alone." 476 539

Perhaps the simplest form of mutual aid is found in the case of two farmers, each of whom possesses but a single animal. They take turns using both animals to pull a plow or to do some other task where a team is needed. These partners are often called *zmichtes* or *zebroi*. The Yanoes described in an earlier chapter, who was disconsolately waiting for his partner to finish with his horse so that he could take the team to his own fields, was engaged in this kind of mutual aid. In Epirus, for instance, those with a single animal are called *monovodoi* (or single-oxen farmers), and each tries to join up with someone else in order to have a team available when needed. Similarly, someone with a donkey or two lends his animals to another farmer who needs to haul his cereal or hay from the fields or to market, in the expectation that he will have the use of the borrower's animals when in similar need. 476 492

Somewhat more complex in detail but similar in type are the arrangements that shepherds make concerning the care of their flocks and the distribution of the produce, which was mentioned earlier in the description of the changing life of the shepherd. 476 233

Mutual aid also extends to the exchange of agricultural labor, as in the case of the potato diggers. It can also occur between two families who throughout the work season combine their labor resources, culminating in tremendous output at harvest time. Or labor can be repaid by some other kind of service, as was the case in Malakassa (Attica), where the president of the commune went to the coffeehouse and said that he needed some help in harvesting a crop. Sixteen men from the coffeehouse went along to aid. When we asked the coffeehouse proprietor what these men would receive in return we were told, "The president has a cart and will help each of these men haul in stuff from their fields when they need him." 476 241 [493]

But there are times when much help is needed for some special event which does not recur frequently in the life of an individual family. Here the traditional "working bee" is assembled. For example, a family decides to plant a new vineyard or to put up some kind of a building. It calls upon its neighbors and relatives for help, feeds them well, and eventually pays back the labor provided when called upon by those who contributed. We found mutual-aid groups also busy making cheese for their own use and for sale or digging clay which they worked into home-made brick. 476 [339]

Women, however, seem to be more fully involved in a wide variety of mutual-aid arrangements. They may help each other with certain household chores — carding wool, baking bread, carrying fuel (*pournari* [573]

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

THE WATERS OF MARAH

territory. Kato Nevrokopi, where the Greek Metropolitan has his throne, is a large village, or *omopolis* (it had a pre-war population of about 2,000 souls), about twelve kilometres from the frontier.[1] The whole of this region was evacuated by the civilian population in March, 1941, when invasion seemed imminent, most of the refugees taking shelter in Drama, some forty-five kilometres to the southward. When the Germans abandoned eastern Macedonia to the Bulgars, all who were able to do so fled to Salonica, Verroia and other towns beyond the river Strymon. It was only after the withdrawal of the Bulgars in the autumn of 1944 that the Greek population began to trickle back. In 1949 no less than twelve of the thirty villages of the diocese were in ruins and uninhabited, and the number of the orphans was said to approach 900. Kato Nevrokopi itself, though it still bore traces of the great battle which had raged about the forts of the Metaxas line and their heroic defenders, had come through the years of occupation and the more recent troubles almost unscathed, save for the deliberate destruction of the metropolis and the school.

It had been arranged that the Metropolitan should celebrate the liturgy next morning at the village of Dasoto, four or five miles away, which would be keeping its patronal festival. The day was ushered in by bugle-calls and a great beating of drums, revealing shortly after five o'clock that the newly-formed scout troop was already abroad. These martial noises were soon mingled with the soft ringing of a multitude of bells, as the cattle were driven out through the narrow paths between the cottages to the dusty river bed where they assemble each morning before moving off to the pastures. By a little before seven it had become evident that others besides ourselves were keeping the feast at Dasoto, as a few carts drawn by oxen or buffaloes, together with some solitary riders, rattled across the bridge and headed westwards. We followed in a jeep. Our path lay through fields of maize and tall sunflowers, above which occasional glimpses of a blue and white flag of vast dimensions indicated the scouts' line of march, along tracks which a heavy shower would render impassable to anything on wheels. Dasoto came into view after a quarter of an hour; a cluster of lime-washed cottages, the church prominent amongst them, on the lower slopes of the heavily wooded heights that surround the plateau.

The parish priest and some thirty or forty men and boys had come as far as the outskirts of the village to welcome us. The Bishop's vestments,

[1] [Bulgarian frontier - ANALYST]

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
EH1 Greece EH1

[Town Life]

cluster together, so that one may find whole rows of silversmiths' shops in Jannina, or streets of cobblers in Kozani. The market square, where peasants from the surrounding villages bring their products for sale once or twice a week, constitutes a vital part of every town; street peddlers with their donkeys or pushcarts are everywhere. So are policemen, shoeshine boys and waiters, who will bring little cups of Turkish coffee into any office or house when summoned from the ubiquitous *cafeneions*. Great trucks and buses, often sadly dilapidated, are a prominent part of the urban scene, and, except in Athens, they outnumber passenger cars.

The daily rhythm of life in a Greek town is quite different from that familiar in the United States. People rise early, almost with the sun, and the streets in the early morning present a lively scene, as the women buy food and other household supplies and men start their daily work. As the sun mounts the sky, the streets become more deserted, until in early afternoon only a few idlers can be seen hugging the shade in the coffee shops or along the curbs. Shops close and everyone goes home to eat and sleep. By late afternoon animation returns, though it is less intense than in the morning, since many offices (including government offices) function only until early afternoon. Then with the cool of the day, about 7:30 or 8 o'clock, the streets come fully to life. Everyone who can walk comes out for a breath of air. Dense crowds move slowly through the center of town, talking and window shopping. In the main square, the young people form small groups and walk round and round, the boys in one direction and the girls in the other, thus assuring each a maximum opportunity to observe, ogle or snub the opposite sex. This is how courtship begins, and the process lends a certain vivacity to the evening. Then, by 9:30 or so, everyone goes home, lights go out and the town goes to sleep until the morrow's sunrise.